

come to this.

the company's top salesman came out of the front office, walked past us and said, "gee, is it raining outside?"

carlos spat in disgust as the prick walked off, and i struggled to keep the "fuck you" on my lips from being too loud.

as we went back outside to finish the job, i remembered a gopher i had killed when i was 13 yrs. old.

i had caught him above ground, and before i cut him in two with the hoe, i pounded him helpless with the high-pressure spray from our garden hose. often wondering what made me do it, i finally realized that all along i was afraid he'd bite back.

4/17/78

blondes

it wasn't the "forbidden fruit" syndrome that made me do it.

instead, i like to think that it was a ruthless lust for gold, inherited from spanish ancestors who took it any way they could get it. the sound of metal slicing brown-skinned flesh became a song to be played without moral overtones.

so the 1st time i brought one home, the air of defeat in the living room was as thick as a dying bull's blood mixing with the arena dust.

to my left,
two pairs of brown eyes bled silently and projected forced smiles ... no questions asked.
to my right,
a pair of blue eyes, cold, uncut chunks of turquoise crystal stared through me ... waiting.

at that precise moment i heard the clamor of hispanic armor, and in the background, the laughter of heartless men.